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NOVEMBER

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By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

An account of experiences and observations during the Greco-Turkish war, by Mr. Davis, who was there as a war correspondent.

This is a description of the second battle of Valesinos. It is illustrated by photographs taken by Mr. Davis during the battle.

JOSHUA GOODENOUGH'S OLD LETTER
The stirring adventures of one of Rogers's Rangers in the Colonial Wars. Written and illustrated by Frederic Remington.

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By W. D. Howells.

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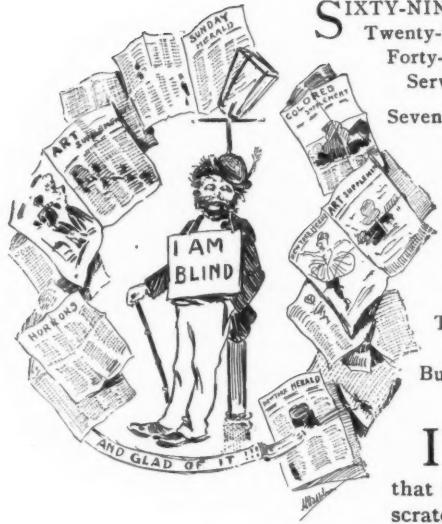
LIFE.

New Journalism.

SIXTY-NINE pages of rubbish,
Twenty-two pages of rot,
Forty-six pages of scandal vile,
Served to us piping hot.

Seventeen hundred pictures—
Death, disease and despair—
Lies and fakes and fakes
and lies
Stuck in 'most everywhere.
Thirty-four sad comic pages,
Printed in reds, greens and
blues;
Thousands of items we don't
care to read,
But only two columns of news.
Geo. Totten Smith.

IT'S the fellow who puts on
his new winter flannels
that isn't handicapped—he's a
scratch man.



NEAR BOSTON.
"TO WHOM!"

A Political Interview with Animals.

"WELL, Mr. Horse, what are your views on politics?"
"I don't believe in labor, sir."
"Have you any convictions, Brother Rabbit?"
"I go in for Burrow government."
"What do you want, Mr. Sheep?"
"Plenty of free wool."
"And you, little chickens?"
"Protection, sir—protection."
"Have you anything to say, gentle herd of kine?"
"Low! Low! Low!" Curley.

Wonderful!

"PILTER must be a great mountain climber."
"What makes you think so?"
"I understand he has ascended Fifth Avenue."



ANOTHER USE OF IT.

"OH, DEAR! I WISH I HAD MONEY ENOUGH TO BE CHARITABLE."
"AND IF YOU HAD?"
"I'D TAKE A TRIP TO EUROPE ON IT."

• LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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Fair Play, William!



IT seems to LIFE that the solicitude of the Administration for the welfare of Greater New York is very insufficiently shown by the letter of Secretary Bliss, calling upon Republicans to support General Tracy. If the Cabinet is to take a hand in our local election, certainly the shackles should be struck from the assistant Cabinet also. It is whispered about, and is generally believed, that Assistant Old-Salt Roosevelt has had to have hoops riveted on his person to keep him from bursting out for Low, and that nothing but maritime engagements and a sense of the impropriety of the intervention of Federal officials in local politics have kept him out of the municipal fight. What is sauce for Bliss ought to be sauce also for Roosevelt. There is comfort, however, in observing that outside intervention is not popular in New York, and seems to hurt the cause it has sought to benefit. There are voters still alive who remember how the New York State machine nominated Judge Folger for Governor, and how the Administration of that day tried to help him, and with what result.

Black. Too!

AND Black has come to the rescue, too! Black! Goodness gracious! And he talks about its being treason for any Republican to vote for Low. Go home, Black! Stay at home, Black! LIFE has too much respect for your office to call you any names, but any true friend will assure you that you do not appear to advantage when you come to New York. To suggest that home-rule is treasonable in New York is the wildest affectation. Go to, Black!



On with the Fight.

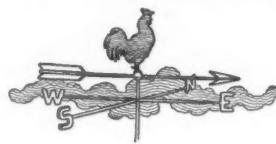
THE partial ballots which divers enterprising newspapers have taken in the attempt to learn which way the Mayor's race is going, though far from conclusive, indicate that the chances are best for Judge Van Wyck, but that the backers of Low may win, and would be pretty sure to win if they and the Tracy men could unite. That indication coincides with general opinion, and is in accord with the impression of the gentlemen who bet; nevertheless, there is not at this writing any visible bridge over which the Low voters may be transferred in a body to Tracy, or the Tracy men to Low. Now, the split in the local Democracy, which is going to transfer a lot of Tammany voters to Henry George, is a splendid thing, and very creditable to the George men, who thereby demonstrate the strength of their convictions. Not so the division of Republicans between Low and Tracy, which merely shows obstinacy, and the moral obliquity of Mr. Platt. LIFE trusts that the machine Republicans will realize their grievous errors in time, and show works meet for repentance at the polls.



We Take the Chances.

ABOUT this time, as the almanacs say, put your ear to the ground

and you may hear an elevator drop. There has been a mild epidemic of falling elevators. If it were likely to make tall buildings less popular it would not be an unmixed evil, but it won't. Nothing but a good, hard, thorough earthquake will bring the tall buildings down where they belong. We will continue to take our chances in elevators just as we do in railway trains, conceding that someone is sure to be hurt some time, but trusting that it may be someone else.



Charles Anderson Dana.

M R. DANA'S death has made many people sad, and very many thoughtful. As editor of the *Sun*, he had been for nearly thirty years a power in literature and a feature of American life, and, though he lived to be an old man, his remarkable vigor was maintained so nearly to the end, that he is missed more like a man cut down in his prime than as an elder whose term had run out. Full, himself, of enthusiastic interest in life, he did his full share to make life interesting to his contemporaries. Existence will be perceptibly duller without him. He will be missed, not only in New York, but in every newspaper office in the country, and long missed, too, for the present conditions of journalism are greatly changed from those in which he was bred, and do not promise to develop any more editors like him.

We would have liked to keep Mr. Dana. Much that was rare and valuable and admirable has passed away with him out of our reach. Who that is left knows what he knew, or can remember what he remembered, or can say what he could have said? Still, while the day lasted he wrought. Few men have worked out what was in them so thoroughly as he did. It seemed all to come, the bitter with the sweet, the fierce with the gentle.

Peace to his memory!



To All Readers of the Poets.

ON another page of LIFE will be found a picture drawn by one of LIFE's artists, which illustrates a line or lines to be found in the poet Longfellow's published works. Just what these lines are it will be to the pleasure and profit of our readers to discover.



A Good Romance of the Revolution.

THERE is a curious similarity in all heroines of historical romances. No matter in what country or period the story moves, you can depend on the early appearance of a young woman who is beautiful, capricious, given to flirting with the villain, but true as steel to the hero in the long run—though she may have her doubts about him in the opening chapters. The masters of historical fiction as well as the feeble imitators are all alike given to this style of heroine. They seem to spend their ingenuity and variety upon the masculine fighting, which is the main business of the tale. Then they weave in that type of heroine who can be always depended upon to catch the reader who *must* have a love story in a novel. She is a fascinating mixture of gentleness, fidelity and bravery—and from Scott to Anthony Hope she has preserved her perpetual youth and charm in a way only equalled by a "college widow."

* * *

S. WEIR MITCHELL, in his American historical romance, "*Hugh Wynne*" (Century Co.), has wisely adopted this charming young woman as his heroine—with a few Philadelphia accessories, to make her compose well with the historical picture. She has all the qualities for which the readers of romance expect a hero to risk his life. If LIFE were the hero of romance he would cheerfully kill a few people for *Darthea's* sake.

There are many other people in the story to give it individuality, and among them *Aunt Gainor* is easily first. As a bit of character she is superior to *Hugh Wynne* himself.

* * *

BUT this novel stands for far more than clever romancing. It is a

serious and effective undertaking to put an important part of revolutionary history into fiction. This is not a new thing, for it was done by some of the earliest American novelists. But Dr. Mitchell has given a new aspect to it by putting Philadelphia and the region roundabout into his historical picture with a completeness and vividness that could only come from the fullest knowledge.

The complacent New Englander, who has for a century looked on the Revolution as his own private possession (into which he allowed George Washington, the Virginian, to intrude with reluctance), will receive a shock when he discovers that down in Philadelphia there were people of importance, with a great deal of social distinction, who not only engaged in the struggle, but took the initiative in many significant events. *Hugh Wynne* even insinuates that the New England officers were of a crude and rural type compared with the distinguished men who led the troops from Pennsylvania and Virginia! An American novelist who puts his own country into fiction is doing a good thing—and one who gives the Middle States a chance is doing a rare thing. Dr. Mitchell's novel is a competent, interesting and dignified contribution to the meagre body of American historical romance.

Droch.

MRS. NEWWED (proudly): I knew nothing of house-keeping when we were married, but it didn't take me long to get my hand in, did it, John?

NEWWED: Not according to my empty pockets.

Clothes Help, After All.

FASHION is a bother and an expense, and perhaps if women's clothes could be worn until they were worn out, families could afford to be larger. Still, fashion has the merit of increasing variety. The ladies in union undergarments, who at this season make it so embarrassing for modest men to read the advertisements in the rear of the magazines, do unquestionably look very much alike. It is something to be thankful for that their street dresses are more diversified.

The Difference.

"MY love," he said, "it seems to me That I am made for you."
"But then," she cried and gently sighed, "I am not maid for you."

SUCH is the imperfection of even the best of human organizations that the election of either of the Mayoralty tickets will be either an unmixed good or an unmixed evil. Amos Cummings says that if Tammany wins, women will be able to walk in the streets by day or by night without fear either of arrest or insult. If that could result from a Tammany victory it would offset some pretty serious disadvantages. Whether a woman unescorted is safe in the streets of a great city in the evening depends, however, more upon the woman than upon the city government. Not to be afraid is the first law of safety. Well-behaved women who are not afraid are reasonably safe in New York as it is, but it is a question whether any degree of official zeal can make women of obvious timidity secure against agitating experiences.



A BASE (BASS) HIT.



TURNED BOTH WAYS.

"THAT YOUNG SIMPLETON TO WHOM I WAS ENGAGED LAST SUMMER TURNED UP YESTERDAY."
"GRACIOUS! YOU POOR THING! WHAT DID YOU DO?"
"I ACCEPTED HIM."

L'Actrice de deux Tongues.

JE ne puis pas sing les vielles songs,
Je chantais long ago,
The public ne m'écoute pas,
Leurs shekels quittent to flow.

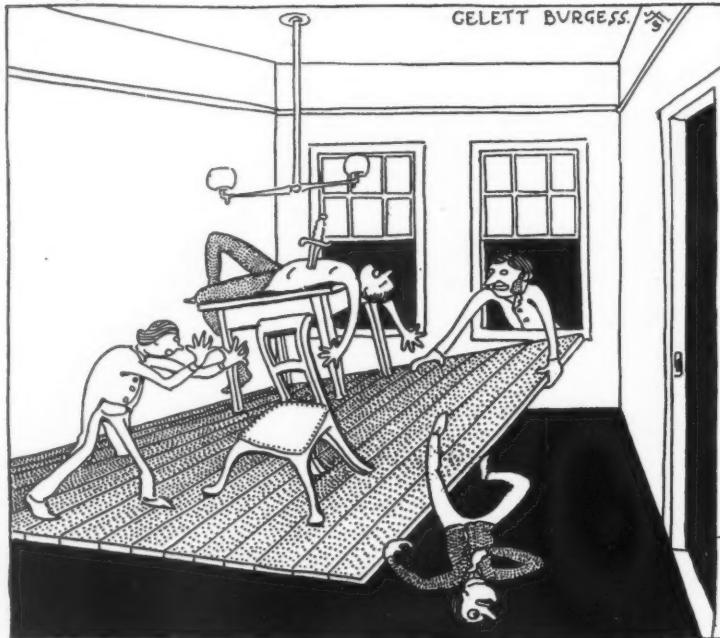
Je souris very doucement
Look charmante comme I can,
Mais, " Ma mère était a lady "
Brings une hiss from every man.

Je ne puis pas sing les vielles songs,
Or dream ces rêves again,
" Just tell them vous me voyiez,"
Gives chaque person une peine.

Je ne puis pas sing les vielles songs,
Je chantais long ago,
For les audiences would fail me—
Les vielles chansons won't go.

Dr. Fridjof Nansen.

DR. NANSEN has come prepared to ease in some manner the plethora of ready money by which the Americans are understood to be temporarily embarrassed. He is an authentic lion, whose roar is exceptionally strong, sonorous and satis-



A MEETING OF THE HARMONY SOCIAL CLUB.

(Extract from the Secretary's Minutes.)

"AS MR. SMITH STILL HELD THE FLOOR, THE CHAIR OBJECTED TO THE MOTION MADE BY MR. JONES AS BEING OUT OF ORDER. . . . MR. ROBINSON, FAILING TO RECEIVE HIS EXPECTED SUPPORT, AND NOT BEING RECOGNIZED BY THE CHAIR, DROPPED OUT OF THE DISCUSSION. THERE SEEMED TO BE A GENERAL DESIRE TO RE-OPEN THE SUBJECT THAT HAD BEEN LAID UPON THE TABLE."



GEMS OF POETRY.

"AND STILL BE DOING, NEVER DONE."
Butler's "Hudibras."

fying, and whose aspect and manners warrant high prices of admission to his show. His special claim to our attention and applause is based upon his having gone nearer the North Pole than anyone else, and in having got safely home before he could be rescued. His example in this last detail of it is felt to be especially fit for all Arctic explorers to emulate. Dr. Nansen will linger with us about two months. It is understood that he wears on the platform the garb of civilization in the temperate zone, and that he uses the best English that he can command, undiversified by dialect. We shall be interested to see how his results will compare with those achieved by the reverend and distinguished hoot-mon lecturer who visited us last year.

Economical.

WIFE: The tailor said he couldn't make the gown for less than two hundred and twenty-five dollars, so I told him to go ahead.

HUSBAND: Why in the world didn't you consult me first?

"I didn't want to spend the carfare for two visits, dear."

SENRITA CISNEROS, the rescued Cuban maiden, has become a contributor to her rescuer's columns. If Miss Cisneros has a literary turn, she might make interesting "copy" by discussing the comparative unwholesomeness of the privacy of a Spanish jail and the publicity of enlargement through the efforts of a penny paper.

TRIVVET: They say that Eastlake owns a silver mine in Colorado.
DICER: Is he as poor as that?



DR. FRIDJOF NANSEN.

LIF



THE NIGHT BEFORE HER

LIFE •



BEFORE HER WEDDING.



An American Citizen.



M R. GOODWIN and Miss Maxine Elliott can, if they choose to, become the—not Mr. and Mrs. Kendall, thank Providence, nor the Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft—but the something which compares with and should be infinitely superior to the couples later mentioned. Mr. Goodwin has pleased to be a low comedian, using the term in its professional sense. He can be, and he knows he can be, something better. Miss Elliott has a personality and a training which equip her for good work. The two are counterfoils, and, with a proper medium for their two abilities, should produce something which will make their names memorable.

Mr. Goodwin has the power of inspiring laughter. Miss Elliott is statuesque and beautiful. She wears good gowns well. She can act. Such a combination is, for the American public, invincible. It should be put to good uses.

In "An American Citizen" it isn't. The play is crude and is intended to exploit Mr. Goodwin's possibilities, but doesn't do it to a very extensive extent. It gives him a chance at the cocktail habit, but not much more. Miss Elliott has an opportunity—two or three opportunities—to show good gowns, but here the possibility to display anything like art ends. Both of these people can do better than they do in "An American Citizen," and it seems pitiful for them to throw away their abilities in a piece meant only to catch the easily caught public.

* * *

HAD the shade of Mr. Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore been present at the initial performance of the Banda Rossa, it must have gone back with chagrin to its resting place. Mr. Herbert and Mr. Sousa are still on earth to learn what a band may do. The Banda Rossa doesn't play what we know as band music; it only shows what may be done in the way of musical accomplishment by instruments of wind and percussion under perfect control by a leader. It is probably the best brass band on earth, and its coming to America may eventually rob firemen's parades of half their terror.

THE independent theatre—that is, the theatre which presents plays without regard to their power to attract the financial support of the multitude—is about to have a chance in New York. The misdirected "Arts and Letters" is still fresh in memory. The new venture is under better auspices, and ought to produce something worth while to remember.

* * *

THE public seems to have agreed with LIFE's judgment of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play, "The Physician," and Mr. Willard has gone back to his former successes. "The Christian" has been dramatized, and is offered for sale by Mr. Hall Caine to the highest bidder. Mr. Willard is said to be in the market for it, and he is one of the few actors who could give dramatic interest to the character of John Storm. He may not have the physique, but he certainly possesses the sweetness of voice and expression to make us realize the remarkable attraction which the queer person had for the tough sinners with whom he came in contact, and which gave him dominion over them.

* * *

THE Mérode has set a fashion in hair-dressing which has become as epidemic as it is unbecoming to most women. Covering up the ears, though, is a wise thing for people of a certain genus, and we would suggest to Mr. Anthony Comstock, for instance, the advisability of going to Koster & Bial's and learning how to conceal one of his peculiarities.

Metcalfe.



THE FRENCH X-RAY CUSTOM-HOUSE GLASS MAY BE JUST THE THING APPLIED DURING THE COMING SEASON.



UNRELIABLE.

*He : IF YOU DO NOT ACCEPT ME, I SHALL SHOOT MYSELF.
She : BUT YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND SO OFTEN!*

To-morrow.

H OPE built a castle fair to look upon
Within the broad metes of To-morrow's
land,
And from its hovel in the night, it saw
Contentment wave to it a beck'ning hand.
Then weary of its toil Hope slept the while,
But with its wakening it knew no sorrow,
For still beyond the night the castle stood
Secure within the broad metes of To-morrow.

Wood Levette Wilson.

A Vermont Champion.

A DEFENDER has at last appeared for the much calumniated Grand Army of Pensioners. There has been an impression that the size of our pension lists was a discredit to our nation, that patriotism and pension-grabbing were not really synonymous, and that the mob of clamorous claimants for national support has brought reproach upon what should be an honorable name testifying to honorable service. It has even been suggested that mere justice to the really patriotic and heroic survivors of the war demands that the scandal of our pension lists be reduced, and no pension granted except upon clear proof that it is deserved.

But this is wrong, utterly wrong. Mr. T. J. Deavitt of Vermont says so. Who Mr. Deavitt is does not appear, but he knows all about the pension question. He knows that if an ex-soldier applies for a pension he ought to have it without question or investigation. The man was in the army; he wants money; what clearer proof could anyone need that a grateful country is bound to open her coffers and bid him help himself? But Mr. Deavitt knows more than this; he knows that Mr. Cleveland's policy in regard to pensions was "tyrannical, with suffering, sorrow and death in its result;" and he is in a position to assert that on account of the wickedness of this policy "God took Cleveland and scattered him," and to intimate that a like doom awaits McKinley if he does not walk warily.

To be sure, some people may complain of a certain lack of logic, not to say coherency, in Mr. Deavitt's statements, and Mr. Cleveland may be a little surprised to learn of the fate that overtook him, but these are details. One who has been admitted to a knowledge of the divine views and purposes concerning the G. A. R. can afford to ignore carping critics. The Grand Army is to be congratulated; all things come to him who waits, and with Providence and Mr. Deavitt on their side its members may look forward hopefully to a future when their rights will be fully recognized, and the earth and the fullness thereof be formally made over to them.

M. K. Conyngton.

Getting On In College.



THREE is a sort of success which is somewhat vaguely known as "getting on." Some men of only ordinary capacity "get on," and some very able men don't. To get on is doubtless not the highest object in life, but in its way it is very well worth while, and persons who aspire to it, as most people do, entertain a purpose which is entirely lawful, and, under proper restraints, is praiseworthy. As it is in the great world, so it is in the lesser world of college. There is such a thing as getting on in college. Most lads who go to college are desirous of getting on there, and their parents and friends are hopeful that they may.

* * *

OF course in a big modern college there are very many ways in which a lad may do himself credit and justify the cost of his education, the self-denial it may involve in his elders, and his own expenditure of time and effort. High credit in some lines of development is apt, of course, to conflict more or less with high credit in others. To be all things to all men is sound policy if one can carry it out, but to be a high scholar, an athlete of distinction and a social favorite all at the same time taxes ordinary human capacity, though it is true that all things work together for good in the man who goes about his business in the right spirit. Exercise and study ought to go well together, and both should help to maintain that balance of the faculties which goes so far to make a man agreeable. To get on in college as a student seems plain sailing enough. Application, self-discipline and intelligence ought to achieve it. To get on as an athlete is simple, too. That can be managed if the aspirant has an aptitude for some sport and the physical qualifications to excel in it. The rule in study or in athletics is the same. Go to work; work as hard and as intelligently and as systematically as you can.

* * *

BUT how is it with that other sort of getting on, in which the signs of achievement are merely that you are known, that your fellows like you, that your society is valued, that your company is welcome, and that you are generally held in good esteem by other men? To get on socially, whatever may be said in disparagement of it, is

worth while, provided the cost of it is not too high. But how go about it? Does this sort of getting on depend on work, too? In a sense and in a measure it does, for what we are and what we do are so mixed up as not to be easily distinguishable. But there is this difference: The work a man does when he studies hard or when he pulls weights in a gymnasium is deliberate, and he is perfectly conscious of it; but the most effective work that he does toward gaining popularity is more or less unconscious and instinctive. He may make himself known by the work of his brains and his muscles, and the reputation he makes in that way often helps him socially, but if he is to be liked it must be not so much for what he can do as for what he is.

* * *

THE way to be liked is to be likable. A new graduate of a big college who had got on in college in an unusual number of lines, and had belonged to many different kinds of clubs, and had been a person of influence in his college day and generation, was asked this very question as to what makes a man acceptable to his fellows. His answer was, "Common sense." It is probably as good an answer as could have been made. Behavior that has not a basis of common sense back of it is always liable to slip up. Manners may in considerable measure be learned, and in some colleges men who need instruction in that particular get a great deal of it that is valuable. But back of all manners is the spirit of the man who wears them. If the spirit is what it should be, defects in manners should mend themselves as a result of observation. But if the inner spirit is amiss, manners, though traditionally they make the man, will never make a good one.

* * *

DON'T try too hard, young Freshman, to be popular! That sort of effort is apt to be snare. Popularity, like some other things, comes largely by favor. The power to command it is more apt to be a gift than an attainment. Charm of manner, absence of self-consciousness, high spirits, wit, grace, good looks, are gifts of fairy god-mothers. They are pleasant gifts, but not essential either to happiness or high success. They command certain valuables, but they also involve certain temptations and risks. Don't strive too earnestly after those things which

are so elusive and so apt to be unattainable to effort; try for the substantial goods, which will surely help to make you good company for yourself, and are almost as sure in the end (whether they are prompt or slow about it) to win you other men's regard. Try not so much to make a good appearance as to be a good man. Mend your manners where you learn to see they need it. So far as you can choose your companions, stick to those whom you find most surely congenial to you. If your taste in company changes as it develops, well and good; your natural social propensities will regulate that. Your affair in college, as it will be presently in the world, is to go about your business, to do your best in what you undertake, to practice what you know, to learn from what you see and hear and read, and to be just as upright and just as agreeable as you know how.

* * *

YOUR business in college is to learn. Whether you learn from books or from men or from both, from successes or mistakes, from being snubbed or favored, from being taken into societies or left out of them, it is all in the day's work so long as what you learn is worth knowing and makes you sweeter, and wiser, and abler, and more patient, and more true. You must have self-respect; you must have some ideal of conduct that is your own. You can't get on by imitating; you can't buy your way, though money has its social uses everywhere. You can keep fairly clean, and that will help you; you can cultivate modesty, and that won't harm you; and for the rest you must go your own gait and be the man you are, and let Fortune distribute her favors according to her somewhat capricious will.

E. S. Martin.



"No, sir. I never break my word."

"Too flexible, eh?"

"Why weren't you on hand yesterday to cut the grass, John?"

"Very sorry, sir, but I had to parade with the unemployed."

In the Football Season.

HADST thou come vanquished from the field
With not a wound or stain,
My greeting of thee had revealed
Less pity than disdain.
Or hadst thou worn the victor's bays,
And still returned unhurt,
Thou wouldst have found my lukewarm
praise
Scarce just to thy desert.
But since thy dreadful bruises tell
Of valor overthrown,
I'd be thy nurse and make thee well,
And live for thee alone.

Disinfection After the Play.

THE fact that the management of the Academy and St. Charles theatres, of this city, have determined to disinfect their buildings after performances," remarked Mr. Girault Farrar last night, "is a very good thing, not alone because it is necessary just at present, but because it means that a new and commendable custom has been instituted by Mr. Rowles that will



SLANG.

"BY JUPITER! A NEW STAR! AND SHE'S A BIRD, TOO!"



SHIP-SHAPE.

BILLY BARNACLE AND HIS BICYCLE.

take hold in every city in the country. The theatres and big assembly halls are always more or less liable to germs and microbes, and a little formaldehyde gas distributed after the buildings have been vacated will do much to create a better atmosphere and effectively prevent the danger of contagion or infection."

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

This idea is an excellent one, and in New York might be carried still farther. Here the disinfection should not be confined to the auditorium, but should extend to the stage, the box-office, and especially to the private sanctum of the manager. In the Kosher theatres it would take something stronger than formaldehyde gas to get rid of the noxious microbes which infest their managements—common illuminating gas, for instance.

Either Is Effectual.

CUMSO: A Western physician says he can give directions for living one hundred years.

CAWKER: Which does he recommend, a pension or a civil service office?

Felt Slighted.

THE Paris Chief of Police was shaking in his shoes. He had been hastily summoned to the private apartments of the President, at the same time being informed that M. Faure was in a terrible rage. Oh, ciel!

Even now the Chief could hear the President cursing away like the very diabolical. He could hear the rumblings of the r's as they rolled out. With a timid knock he opened the door, but almost started back. The President was rampaging around the room, cursing for all he was worth (and he is said to be a wealthy man).

"Mille de tonnerres!" he screamed; "parbleu, and confoundez-vous!"

The Chief of Police trembled.

"What means it?" again thundered the French Executive. "How is it that I come to Paris to-day, and on my journey there is not so much as a single bomb exploded? Quel'enfer! See to it that it happens not so again! Gittez-vous out!"

And the Chief slid, with a pale countenance.

David H. Dodge.

NUBS given are expensive luxuries, but many of them are worth the cost.

• LIFE •



CHEAP MINOR POETS.

In a well-known publisher's window near Ludgate-hill there appeared not long ago a row of books surrounded by the legend, "Minor Poets are Cheap To-day."

Great is the grief of Elkin Matthew,
As Vigo-streetwards the news is spread;
Tears, sufficient well-nigh to bathe you,
Stream from the eyes of "The Bodley Head";
Mr. Lane, with a courage failing,
Counts his stock in a mournful way;
Even the wind as it blows seems wailing,
"Minor Poets are cheap to-day!"

Away on the slopes of Mount Parnassus
(On the lower slope, you will understand)
Bardlets, in velvet jacket, pass us,
A limp, inert, and dejected band;
Never a one his pipe is tuning,
Never a one is blithe and gay,
For all are the crushing chorus crooning,
"Minor poets are cheap to-day!"

"And yet," they moan, "in our volumes recent
How very impassioned we oft have been.
Some of our lines have been scarcely decent,
Not a few have been quite obscene.
Rough-edged paper, eccentric binding,
Plus lubricity, ought to pay:
Yet we now to our grief are finding
"Minor Poets are cheap to-day!"

"Vain have proved the critics resplendent
We of each other's poems pen;
What is the use of the gush transcendent
Ladled out by Le Gallienne?
What's the use of de luxe editions
And Beardsley's pictures in such array?
Burst like bubbles are our ambitions—
"Minor poets are cheap to-day!"

—London Truth.

A GIRL from town is staying with some country cousins who live at a farm. On the night of her arrival she finds, to her mortification, that she is ignorant of all sorts of things connected with farm life which to her country cousins are matters of everyday knowledge. She fancies they seem amused at her ignorance.

At breakfast the following morning she sees on the table a dish of fine honey, whereupon she thinks she has found an opportunity of retrieving her humiliating experience of the night before, and of showing her country cousins that she knows something of country life after all. So, looking at the dish of honey, she says carelessly:

"Ah, I see you keep a bee." —*Pearson's Weekly.*

DOMESTIC SCENE IN 1950—"Say, pa," inquired little Johnny Sprockett, "what is a pedestrian?"

"A pedestrian?" repeated Mr. Sprockett, scratching his head in a thoughtful manner. "Pedestrian," he mused. "Let me see! Oh, yes, of course. Why, that is what they used to call people when they walked."

—Ohio State Journal.



HERBERT S. STONE AND COMPANY: CHICAGO.
Phyllis in Bohemia. By L. H. Bickford (Rich Stillman Powell).

For the Love of Tonita, and Other Tales. Charles Fleming Embree.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS: NEW YORK.
This Country of Ours. By Benjamin Harrison. Taken by Siegfried. By Jeannette M. Gilder. *The Tormentor.* By Benjamin Swift.

R. F. FENNO AND COMPANY: NEW YORK.
When the World Was Younger. By Miss L. Braddon. *The Dagger and the Cross.* By Joseph Hatton.

DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY: NEW YORK.
In Kedar's Tents. By Henry Seton Merriman. *By a Hair's Breadth.* By Headon Hill.

The Fall of the Sparrow. By M. C. Balfour. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

WARNING.

IT has come to our knowledge that certain dishonest parties are taking the centre cartoons from issues of LIFE, having them framed, and selling them under the pretense that they are the regular hand-painted drawings. The deception is so apparent that the cursory scrutiny will reveal it.

Many innocent and unsuspecting persons may, however, be fooled, and we therefore take this method of impressing upon all the fact that the original hand-painted proofs, on heavy paper, can be obtained at the office of LIFE and nowhere else.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

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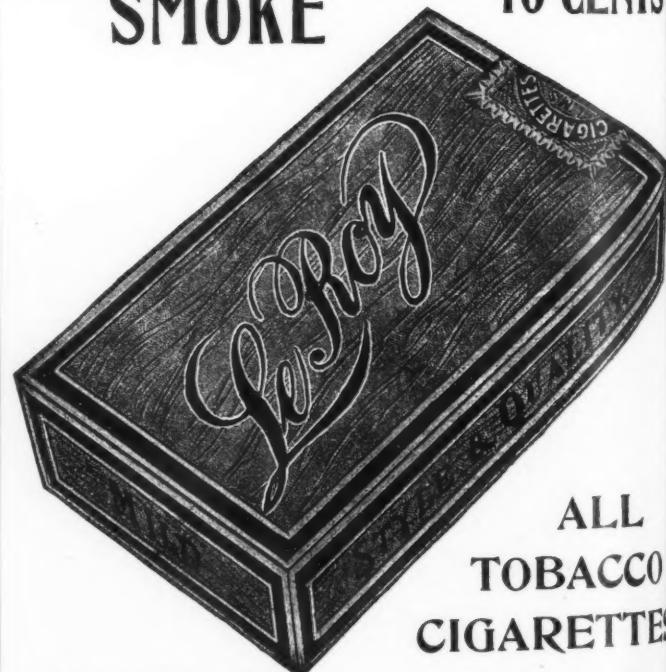
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TOBACCO
CIGARETTES
Boxes of Fifty
Mailed Post-Paid
Upon receipt of 50c.

• LIFE •

Some Delusions About Cigarette Smoking.

ALL delusions are harmful, and many an anxiety and alarm would have been spared to nervous people had they known a few simple truths about cigarettes. What follows may prick a bubble or two of popular superstition.

THE POISONOUS PAPER DELUSION.

THE most primitive of delusions concerning cigarettes is that about the poisonous effects of the paper. The paper used in cigarettes has to be absolutely pure fibre. If it contained anything but the fibre which is necessary to hold it together, it would be thick and unpleasant to the smoker. If it contained arsenic or any other poisonous substance it would leave a very perceptible ash. Burn a cigarette paper and see what it leaves behind.

THE "WHY DON'T YOU SMOKE CIGARS?" DELUSION.

IGNORANT people think that all tobacco smokers have the same habit. They might as well believe that because a man is fond of *pâté de foie gras* he must also like corned beef and cabbage. There is a refinement of taste in smoking as well as in eating. One man likes strong drink, another wines with a bouquet. One smoker likes a pipe or cigar; another the dainty cigarette. All smoking is not the same, and there can be no dispute about tastes. *De gustibus non disputandum.*

THE "SNIPE" TOBACCO DELUSION.

MANY people believe that cigarettes are made of refuse tobacco, of cigar ends, stubs, stems, cheap growths, and other things too unpleasant to mention. The statistics of the tobacco trade show that the very best growths of American tobacco are bought by the cigarette manufacturers. The dissection of any cigarette made by reputable concerns will show that it contains nothing but straight, clean tobacco.

THE OPIUM DELUSION.

OPIUM is one of the most expensive drugs in the market. To have the slightest effect it must be consumed in appreciable quantities, as every physician knows. Standard cigarettes of American make retail at considerably less than a cent each. Taking off the jobber's profit and the retailer's profit, does it stand to reason that the manufacturer can use even the mildest solution of opium?

THE NICOTINE DELUSION.

BLOWING cigarette smoke through a handkerchief is often taken as an evidence of the tremendous quantity of nicotine taken into the system through smoking cigarettes. Did anyone ever try the same test with smoke from a pipe or a cigar? The result might be startling. The fact is that the brown deposit is not nicotine at all, but a combination of substances no more harmful than charcoal or vaseline. Any number of official analyses made by leading chemists show that the amount of nicotine to which the cigarette smoker is exposed in his daily consumption of cigarettes is far less than that to which the pipe smoker or cigar smoker subjects himself.

THE CIGARETTE FIEND DELUSION.

OCCASIONAL mention is found in the sensational prints of persons who have become insane or have committed suicide through excessive smoking of cigarettes. The usual tale is that the victim was accustomed to smoke a certain number of packages of cigarettes a day. To most of these stories an arithmetical computation of the number of cigarettes in a package and the number of minutes in a day gives the lie at once. None of them are confirmed by the records of coroners' offices or insane asylums, or by cases reported in the medical journals.

OFFICIAL CONFIRMATION.

UNDER date of October 12th, a Chicago despatch to the New York papers announces the result of an official investigation by the Health Department of that city into the purity of cigarettes on sale there. Fourteen brands were purchased in the open market. No impurities were found in any of them by the department experts, Dr. Gehrmann and Professor Kennicott. Exhaustive analyses were made of every brand of cigarette found for sale in the city. All were found to be entirely free from opium, morphine, jimson weed, belladonna, atropine, hyasamine or other substances foreign to pure tobacco. Neither was there any lead or arsenic found in the paper wrappers.

THE prince of a small German State, whose ambition it was to be grand, if only on a small scale, had invited a number of gentlemen to go on a deer-stalking expedition. Everything promised well. The weather was superb and the whole company was in the best of spirits, when the head forester approached the petty monarch and, lifting his green cap, said, in faltering tones:

"Your Highness, there can be no hunting to-day."

"Why not?" came the stern rejoinder. "Alas, your Highness, one of the stags took fright at the sight of so many people and has escaped into the adjoining territory, and the other stag has been ill since yesterday. But your Highness must not be angry—it is most likely nothing worse than a bad cold. We have given it some herb tea and hope to get it on its legs again in a few days."—*Zitaner Morgenzeitung*.

THERE is a young skeptic in one of the public schools of Cincinnati, according to *The Enquirer*, of that city. "Cold," said the teacher, with as much empreusement as if he had just made the discovery, "cold contracts and heat expands." "Then," asked the new boy, "what is the reason them Alaska fortunes shrink so the further south they git?"

IN some parts of Devonshire the people live to be very old. An old man of ninety, living quite a distance from the nearest town, requiring some family groceries, sent his son, a man of seventy-odd years of age. When the son failed to show up with the provisions in time, his grandfather, a centenarian of one hundred and eight, said peevishly: "That's what comes from sending a kid."—*Tit-Bits*.



THE late Senator George, of Mississippi, was an agnostic, while his wife was deeply religious. She placed a neighboring Baptist minister on his trail, and he got no peace. Once, riding slowly home from Carrollton and reading his mail, the preacher burst out of the woods on his right hand and began. They came to a creek and crossed it. It was, in the Senator's language, "saddle-pocket deep." On the further bank he dismounted. "Git down," he said, fiercely. The minister looked at him doubtfully. He feared a personal encounter. "Git down!" He got down. "Now," said George, "I'm tired o' bein' harried around th' kentry like I was a cotton-tail rabbit an' you was a pack o' nigger dogs. Baptize me right here." It was winter time, but the venerable statesman would not be denied. The two men waded into the icy water up to their armpits, and the ceremony was performed. Senator George climbed into his saddle and looked down on the shivering evangelist. "Now," he said, "you go home and stay home. I'm through with this—foolishness."

—Argonaut.

THE man with the florid face and the bald head grew more and more uneasy as he sat at the restaurant table. He tried to read a newspaper, but every now and then would drop it, adjust his glasses and glare up and down the room to find the waiter to whom he had given his order. At last he managed to detain him, at the risk of being scalded by the soup he carried, and inquired:

"How about that dinner I ordered?"

"It will be here immediately, sir," was the answer.

The guest tried to read his newspaper once more, but as time passed his uneasiness increased until he was glaring up and down the room as fiercely as ever. He found his waiter again and the same conversation was repeated. After two or three more similar attempts he arose and went over to another waiter who was gracefully leaning against a pillar.

"Look here," said the guest, "I want to know something."

"Yes," responded the waiter.

"What I want to know is this: Am I ever going to get any dinner, and if I do get it, when will it be?"

The languid young man looked at him and replied:

"Excuse me. I'm afraid you have made a mistake. I am only a waiter, not a prophet."—Detroit Free Press.

A CARELESS mason dropped a brick from the second story of a building on which he was at work. Leaning over the wall and glancing downward, he discovered a respectable citizen with his silk hat jammed over his eyes and ears, rising from a recumbent posture. The mason, in tones of apprehension, inquired, "Did that brick hit anyone down there?" The citizen, with great difficulty extricating himself from the extinguisher into which his hat had been converted, replied, with considerable wrath, "Yes, sir, it did. It hit me." "That's right," exclaimed the mason, in tones of undisguised admiration; "noble man, I would rather have wasted a thousand bricks than have you tell me a lie about it."—Argonaut.



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—Nourishing—refreshing—a perfect health drink—the most nutritive portion of prime beef appetizingly prepared. For athletes, cyclists, invalids, for everyone. Prepared in a minute, with cold or hot water.

Sold by all druggists and grocers.

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DRESSMAKER and
ART FURRIER

Our preparations are now so far advanced that we are able to give immediate attention to orders made necessary by the coming

HORSE SHOW

and shall also be pleased to give private views of exclusive and original designs in

EVENING WRAPS
BALL GOWNS
FUR GARMENTS, etc.

MISS KYLE (Late of Paris) Manager

210 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK

A STATE STREET restaurant carries beside the doorway a board which says that three eggs will be served "in any style" for ten cents.

It is said that a man bringing with him a trace of Irish brogue came into the place the other day and called the waiter over to him.

"Three eggs for ten cents?" he asked.

"That's right."

"Any style?"

"Any style."

"Well, I'll have one fried, one boiled and one

There's nothing so good
for the Baby's Skin as
Carbolated Talcum

Powder

See that your drug-
gist gives you

Fehr's

It's not only the
original (it has been
commended by physi-
cians for nearly
forty years), but it
is put up in paste
board boxes.

BEWARE!
of Talcum Powders
put up in tin boxes.
Scientific analysis
shows there is dan-
ger of lead poisoning

Two kinds, plain and
perfumed. All drug-
rists keep it. Sam-
ples free by mail.

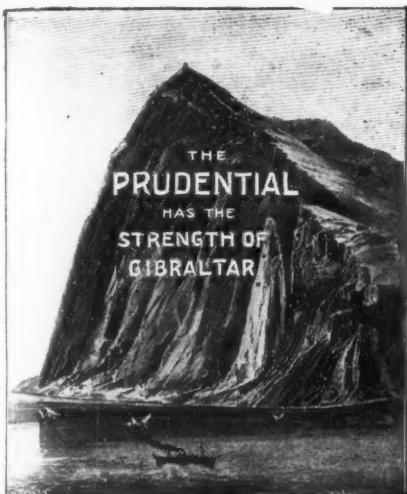
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BEEMAN'S
THE ORIGINAL
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Cures Indigestion
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All envelopes received will be opened December 1st, 1897, in the presence of witnesses. To the person whose envelope contains the correct guess

will be given One Hundred Dollars. Should there be others whose guesses are correct, the One Hundred Dollars will be divided among them.

Title of Poem.....

The line or lines

Illustrated by this picture }

Name and address of sender.....

Fill out and return above to "Pegasus," care of Life, New York.



"YER SEE IT'S A WAY I HAVE OF LETTING THE OWLD LADY KNOW PHWHAT I REQUOIRE. PHWHEN I FOIRE THE GUN IT MANES SIMPLY WHISHKEY, BUT PHWHEN I RING THE BELL IT MANES A REGULAR DHRUNK, AN' IT'S MOIGHTY GLAD I AM TO SEE YOU!"



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Londonderry Lithia Water

The one fashionable club and table water.

Delightfully pure and sparkling. In addition, it possesses a peculiar power found in no other water, to dissolve and expel uric acid, thus driving Rheumatism, Gout, or Gravel from the system. Endorsed and prescribed by leading physicians all over the land.

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FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS
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“PARIS—
QUEEN OF VIOLET
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MOST EXQUISITE AND REFINED.
THE TRUE ODOR OF THE LIVING FLOWER.
BEWARE OF INFERIOR PERFEUMES SOLD UNDER SIMILAR NAMES.



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The Latest Styles

IN

Fall Millinery.

APPROPRIATE FOR THE HORSE SHOW.

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HOW TO DRINK BEER.

Beer drinkers throughout the world are interested in a recent decision of the Hessian Court announced from Berlin. After hearing testimony of the most eminent German physicians and chemists (among them Prof. Gaffky of the Giessen Hygienic Institute), it decided that a small portion of brandy should be taken before a quantity of beer was consumed, to preserve health. The brandy now most used in Germany is

WALDEN COGNAC,
a California product of Geyser Peak Vineyards, aged and bottled by the distillers. Distilled from pure grape juice, it is the best brandy obtainable. Insist on getting Walden Cognac.

Eastern Office, 41 Beaver St., N. Y.



CATARRH CAN BE CURED

People are beginning to learn that CATARRH is a local disease, caused by repeated colds in the head, causing enlargement of the soft bones of the nose, thickening and ulceration of the lining membrane, with its constant discharge of unhealthy mucus and pus; that every breath is tainted before the air reaches the lungs; that it is the cause of the constant hawking, expectorating, nose bleeding, headaches, partial loss of hearing, noises in the head, deafness, impaired vision, lassitude, debility, loss of rest and impaired appetite, and bad breath; that it is the principal cause of bronchitis, pneumonia and consumption of the lungs; THAT IT CAN ONLY BE CURED BY LOCAL TREATMENT; that the AMERICAN CATARRH CURE is the only remedy known that can cure the disease; that it is not a patent medicine, but the private prescription of a physician, who devoted 26 years to the study and treatment of the disease, and who thought the time had come when the public should have the benefit of his experience.

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Those chaps (Jack Frost's) will soon be here, anxious to hold your hands. Take Low's Turtle Oil Soap to drive them away and attract the other chaps.

DURING the last political campaign an ardent Populist, with the proverbial long-flowing beard, was delivering a speech somewhere in the wilds of Kansas. During the course of his remarks he said: "Fellow-citizens, it is necessary for the welfare of our country that silver should be kept at its face value. If the government marks a dollar a dollar, it follows that it must be worth one hundred cents." A voice coming from the rear of the crowd interrupted him, saying: "Excuse me, Mr. Speaker, may I ask a question?" "Certainly, sir," replied the Populist, "a dozen if you like." "Then, Mr. Speaker, I should like to know if the government marked your whiskers hay, would a mule eat them?"

-Argonaut.

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THE CLUB = COCKTAILS

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These Cocktails are made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. The proportions being accurate, they will always be found uniform.

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"Well, did you?"

"No; after my voyage I concluded to call it Old Ocean's Experience with Me."

-Chicago Record.

Be sure you get Pears.



Try Pears' Shaving Stick.
THE ORIGINAL AND BEST.

A POOR man applied to the wealthy Baron Rapeneau in such moving terms that the Baron, quite overcome, cried out to his valet: "Jean, turn this poor fellow out; he is breaking my heart."

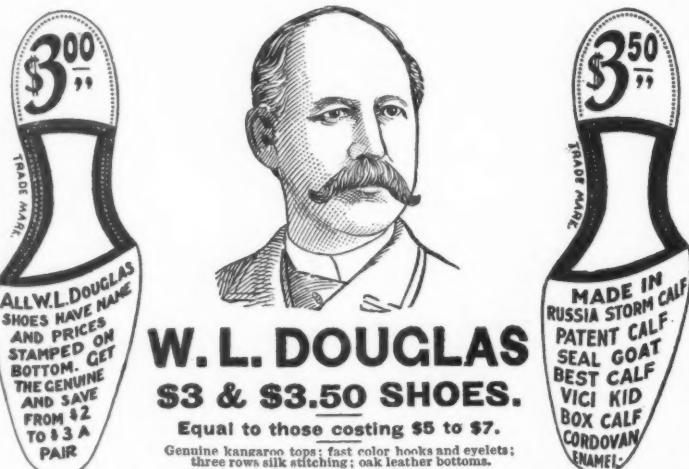
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good flour and she will turn
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do the rest. So with distilla-
tion; extra choice water, fine
grain, the method in vogue
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Old Crow Rye

distillery, and you have some
of the reasons why this whiskey
is so fine, so popular, and bet-
ter than all others. Buy only
of reliable dealers.

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A new standard of prices for sterling silver Forks and Spoons is announced by the Gorham Co., Silversmiths. Under this new schedule the sterling silver Forks and Spoons made by the Gorham Co., Silversmiths, are sold at fixed prices per dozen. The prices have been carefully adjusted in accordance with the present condition of the silver bullion market, varying with the merits of the individual design and workmanship involved in its production and the quantity of sterling used. The most elaborate patterns made by the Company can now be bought at extremely reasonable prices, while the simpler forms of less ornate design are offered at lower prices than ever before known.

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